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# Judge

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## THE TRIUMPHS OF PEACE.

# Judge

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## A HORRIBLE THOUGHT.

MR. W. J. BRYAN, a traveling gentleman fairly well known to our readers, was recently invited to attend a banquet in New York City. This invitation was accepted previous to the discovery that the programme committee was not intending to invite Mr. Bryan to speak. When this fact was later divulged, the ultimatum went forth from Lincoln, Neb., that if Mr. Bryan couldn't talk he wouldn't eat, and his acceptance was withdrawn. A terrible catastrophe is foreshadowed by this incident. If by any chance those who make a business of dining together on special occasions throughout the land lose interest in silver-tongued oratory, Mr. Bryan would perforce go hungry. Imagine the development of this situation — a statesman, a boy orator, a friend of the common peepul starving to death because he cannot talk. It may be that the S. P. C. C. will yet take a hand in the Bryan campaign, and Johnson and others will be indicted for conspiracy. Yet we pray the dastardly work may go on.

THIS TRUST WILL BUST.

## VAUDEVILLE.

JUDGE sincerely hopes that Arkansas won't "get wise" to Senator Jeff Davis for some time to come. He furnishes too much fun for the rest of the Union to permit us to let him go. Of course Arkansas is suffering, but she may feel that there is a certain altruism in providing the nation with enjoyment at her cost. Since reading the senator's messages and proclamations to "his own people," we have wanted much to secure him as a writer of serious editorials for JUDGE. We believe nothing could be funnier.

BITS of straw and wire,
Flowers built high upon it—
Price-mark built still higher—
Make the Easter bonnet.
Sunshine mixed with showers
Each alternate minute,
And the soul of flowers
Make what fits within it.

## STRAWS.

THE health commissioner of New York City reports that 32,655 babies were born in the greater city between January 1st and April 1st, 1908. This is the largest number on record in any three months of the city's history. We have not been inclined to entertain seriously the idea that Roosevelt will go back on his third-term pronouncement, but we are forced to admit that even locally there is no waning in his popularity. Little straws show which way the wind blows.

## FREEZE-OUTS.

SOME data is being prepared for the British Association to prove that the earth is tilting. This is due to the vast accumulations of ice along the Canadian shore in the neighborhood of the North Pole. The result is that North America and Europe are getting warmer and Siberia and Asia colder. The movement is so serious, scientists claim, that by a date early in next November the neighborhood of Lincoln, Neb., will be completely buried under an enormous weight of ice. We merely suggest at this time that all good citizens get out from under.

## RESULTS.

MR. CARNEGIE is reported to have ordered eighteen black Minorca eggs to be brought him from Scotland for setting purposes. One pictures Mr. Carnegie as a sort of motherly hen constantly hatching out libraries and useful institutions of every sort, and no amount of cold water thrown upon him, after the fashion of farmers' wives, could chill his setting fever. But by the accident of a rough voyage the above-mentioned eighteen Minorca eggs were so shaken up as to become addled, and experts declare them all worthless. We are willing to bet, however, that the Laird of Skibo will hatch something out of them, if it is only an omelet. It has been his way to get some interest from his capital, or he wouldn't be where he is.

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## JUDGE'S ALLEGED ANECDOTES OF LIVING PERSONAGES.

### DIGS THEM OUT.

"DO you have any literary people in your town?" asked a guest of Mr. Booth Tarkington out in Indiana.

"There goes Hiram Spaydes—that man with the pick and shovel on his shoulder," replied Mr. Tarkington. "He has produced some of the best cellars every season."

### A TIME-SAVING QUERY.

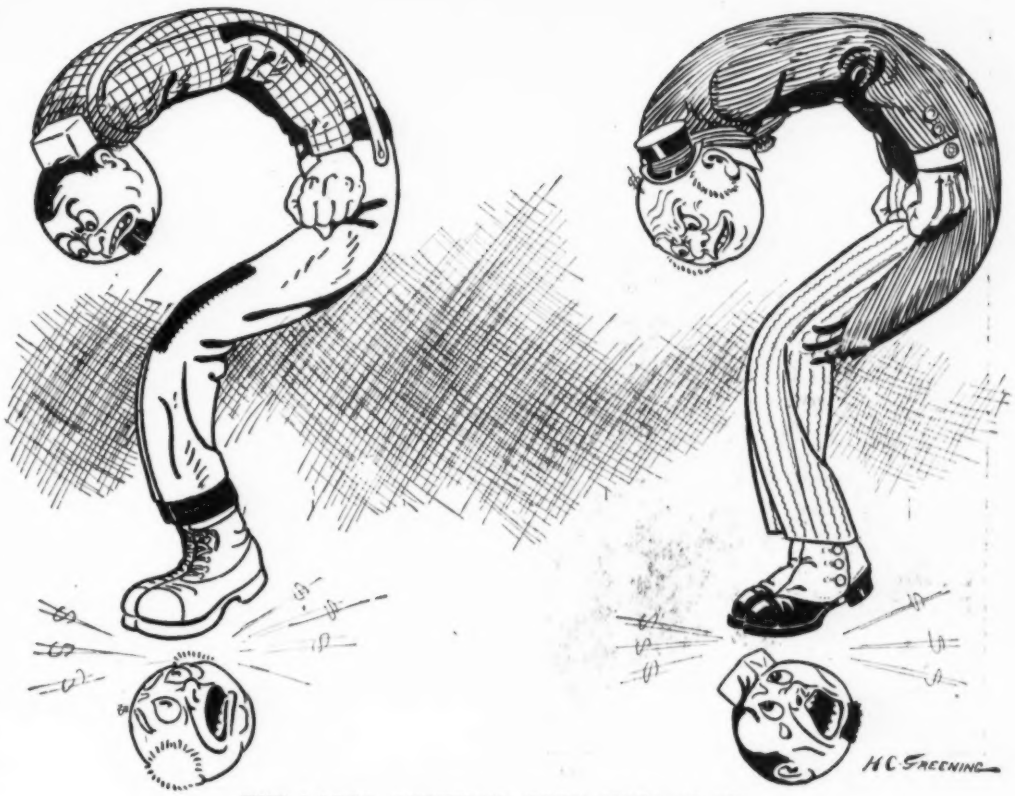
*Stranger* (in office of *Courier-Journal*)—"What are your advertising rates?"

*Proprietor and editor*—"How do you want 'em quoted—in eggs, vegetables, butter, cordwood, cider, maple syrup, or dollars and cents?"

### COULDN'T AFFORD IT.

*Congressman Blank* (after buying voter a drink)—"My friend, can I rely upon you to support me?"

*Crimson-nosed friend*—"Sorry, gent; but my wife 's kickin' now 'cause I don't support her."




THE LABOR QUESTION—BOTH SIDES OF IT.

### NOT WELL SPENT.

SENATOR BEVERIDGE was showing a colored constituent about Washington.

"That is the weather bureau," said the senator. "The government spends a lot of money on the weather now."

*Colored constituent*—"Ya-as, sah; an' it's a heap wuss now dan when dey didn't."

### WAS AFRAID OF CHANGING.

IN Dr. Edward Everett Hale's younger days he was about to leave a parish, and a good old lady was bewailing the fact and insisting that the church would be ruined thereby. Dr. Hale, flattered by her words and manner, and wishing to console her, said,

"But, sister, the man who will succeed me is a fine preacher and a splendid fellow. You'll soon see that everything is all right and get used to it."

"No, no; I won't!" she answered tearfully. "I don't get used to this changing. I've seen six changes in preachers now, and it's got worse and worse all the time."

### YOUSE.

MR. BRYAN is reported to have handed a poor man a quarter and then inquired, "Whom are you going to vote for, my good fellow?"

"For 'Ughes," answered the mendicant deceptively.

### A CURE-ALL.

HAVE you a wart? Have you a receding chin? Have you a bunion? Have you any money? Come to us! We will take it away from you. Dr. Onion, adv.

### NEWS ITEM.

A BUTCHER in Euknow, with a tobacco heart, was told by his doctor to give up smoking hams.

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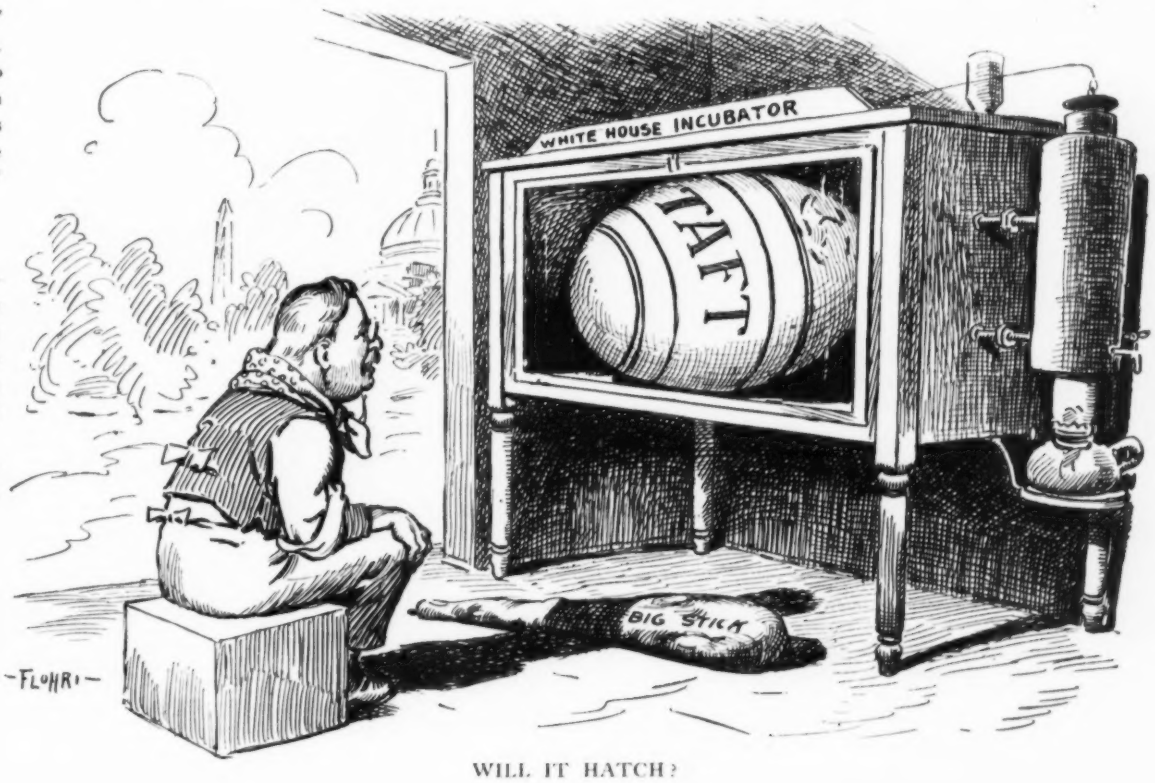
*Son*—"Father, what's a music critic?"

*Father*—"He's a fellow that all music seems to irritate."




WILL IT HATCH?

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JUDGE'S FAVORITES.
VIRGINIA HARNED IN REPERTOIRE.
Wondrous skill in many parts,
Wondrous art in all you do.
But what really wins our hearts
Is Yourself, a-shining through!

### EXPECTED.

"I HEAR that this corporation intends to increase its rates to the public."

"It was to be expected, now that its president has to pay dividends on two titled European sons-in-law."

### THESE HARD TIMES.

*Murray Hill*—"My gracious, man! why are you rushing out of Cherry's in this way?"

*Riverside*—"Let me go! I haven't tipped my waiter!"

### KNOWS BETTER NOW.

*Ella*—"Figures won't lie."

*Stella*—"I used to believe that, but it was before I saw you in bathing."

As Easter comes this year about the middle of April, JUDGE suggests hats of the style shown above, in anticipation of showers.

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### CONSOLATION.

WANTED—By a young man recently rejected, apartments adjoining those of a young married couple possessed of a baby that cries *all night*, causing the father to promenade in robe de nuit; good, loud swearer preferred.

### NOTES.

"I HEAR that the new tenor is a great success—that he can hold one of his notes for half a minute."

"That's nothing. I've held one of his notes for over a year!"

### LAYING ON OF HANDS.

*Carsone*—"I believe in the laying on of hands."

*Gebhart*—"You do?"

*Carsone*—"Yes; I cured my boy of swearing with it."

### NECESSITY MAKES, ETC.

A MAN, bearing the stamp of a New York business man in moderate circumstances, stood before the free-lunch counter of a cheap East Side saloon one day recently. In one hand he held a schooner of beer, while the other fist was pushed forward to grasp the last square of cheese on the plate. Just as his fingers were in close proximity to the desired bit of food, they came in contact with another hand, which, like his, had reached out with the same object in mind.

Like a flash both hands were withdrawn, and their owners glanced into each other's face. Both men flushed guiltily.

"Hello, old man!" spoke up the first man, when he had recovered himself. "I hadn't expected to meet you here. The truth is," he added, a little apologetically, "I don't dine here regularly. On the contrary, I usually patronize one of the better establishments farther over town. But," he went on, reddening again, "I was hard hit one day this week, and I—I've been forced to cut down expenses."

"Financial blow anything to do with your wife?" calmly ventured his friend, gazing deeply into his eyes.

"Yes. I"——

"An Easter bonnet?"

"It was! How"——

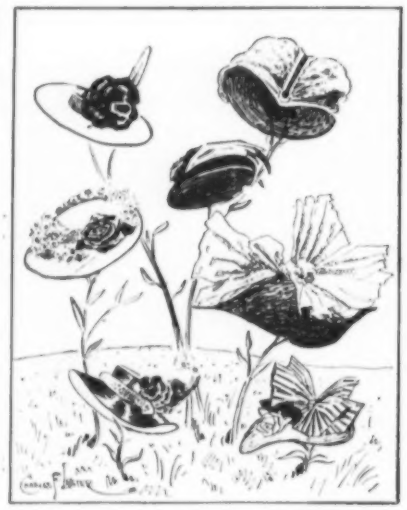
At that moment a mutual something flashed between them which spoke pages. Then both men again faced the free-lunch plate, and, dividing the lone square of cheese equally, touched glasses with a "good-health" nod, and silently downed their schooners at a gulp.

### HOW SWEET!

"AND now the papers say it is the molasses trust."

"Yes; and I have no doubt they gain their ends in syruptitious ways!"

"APRIL SHOWERS—



—BRING MAY FLOWERS."

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## POOR PA.

Y MA has bought new finery—
Oh, my! what dandy duds!
Her hat's as big as big can be,
All trimmed with birds an' buds.
An' she has got a brand-new dress
With 'skeeter screen in front
(To sew them holes together, guess
Must be a awful stunt).
She's got some brand-new stockin's, too;
An' let me tell you that
Most all our Easter togs is new,
Except pa's suit and hat.

An' Jane has also a new dress
Made from some flimsy stuff.
Gee! what short sleeves—of goods, I guess,
They didn't have enough.
What fun it is to see Jane grab
Her waist in back—the elf!—
An' work her arms just like a crab
While butt'ning it herself.
An' she has got for each new shoe
A dinky yellow spat—
Fact, all we've got to wear is new,
Except pa's suit an' hat.

A bunch of tradin' stamps ma bought,
An' got a brand-new suit
For me—an', say, I'll be a sport.
It surely is a beaut.
A brand-new hat—a pancake shape—
A "pleeted" waist, pure white
(With front like rows of ticker tape),
A necktie new and bright.
We'll all parade the avenoo,
While pa's home in our flat,
'Cause all our clothes is nice an' new,
Except pa's suit an' hat.

F. P. PITZER.

PROVERB.

"Conceited people are like eggs—too full of themselves to hold anything else."

*Visitor*—"What do you do in school, Jimmie?"
*Jimmie*—"Wait till it's time to get out."

## EVERYBODY SWEARS BY HIM.

"WHO'S the best-known man in this township?" queried the advance agent for the medicine show.

"Well, young feller," answered Uncle Silas Seaver slowly, as he carefully packed the tobacco in his black pipe; "Jake Seymour holds that record about now, by eatin' the fust new potatoes from his own garden, tho' Hank Calkins is a close second with his new pease. Aunt Sarah Stanton is attractin' considerable attention with her flock of eighteen light brahmas, with an egg record of twelve dozen in eight days, the same bein' writ up in the Smithville *Banner*. An' Wallis Weaver's buildin' a new hip-roof barn. But I guess, everything considerin', Squire Hamilton's about the most popular man about these parts now. Everybody seems to swear by the squire, seein's he's jest been elected assessor."

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## SITUATION WANTED.

STOUT boy wants situation in eating-house. Understands the business.

A FAMILIAR COMPLAINT.

*Mrs. Henry Peck*—"Henry, you must get a nurse for these eggs. I simply cannot neglect my bridge game this way."

WOULD DIE HAPPY.

*Uncle Zeb*—"Maria *said* the city would finish me if I came, an' I guess this stampede will do it. But I'd come twicet as fur ter git killed this way."

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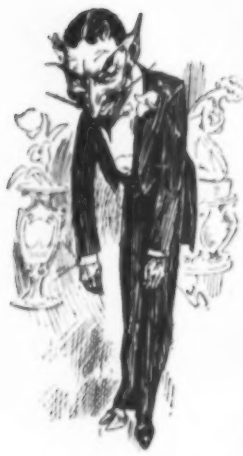
## WHILE HE WAITS.



FAREWELL to bird and bottle, play and dance!
Yon holy man will guide her thoughts above.
Yet, see! she casts one long, regretful glance
To where *he* stands, her first and only love.

Lent lilies fade and spring hats bloom, and then
Monsieur the Devil has his own again.

D. O.

## THE DISCONTENTED LOBSTER.

ONCE there was a lobster who sat in his lobster bed and sighed. His limitations chafed him; and especially when he thought of the bright-red coats of lobsters he had heard about, in sharp contrast to his own sombre-hued garb, his contempt for the local tailors knew no bounds.

"I'm going away from he-ah," he announced finally. He had acquired the accent from a lobster who had lately come among them, and who had once belonged in the preserves of an English lord.

"Going away?" questioned his mother dramatically.

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"Yes. I am tired hanging round here. I want to get into the swim."

"You're in the swim now," observed his little brother, who was also the village joker.

"I am speaking figuratively, gillie," retorted the dissatisfied one. "I'm going to New York."

"You'll be in the soup there, and that's no figure of speech," returned his brother.

Ignoring this last witticism, the dissatisfied one continued, "I'm tired of these old clothes and the rest of the has-beens around this town. New York is the place for me."

"This is a pretty kettle of fish," said his mother feebly.

"I want to hobnob with the big bugs at the swell hotels," he went on.

"It's plain to be seen that you are indeed a lobster—a regular chip off the old block," said his mother. She tried her best to dissuade him from his purpose, but in vain. The next time the lobster fishermen came around the young man departed.

But it happened that, on the way to New York, he got into a fight and lost one of his claws. Being thus imperfect, he never got farther north than Fourteenth Street, and ended his days on a Bowery free-lunch counter.

Moral—New York is a big place.

ELLIS O. JONES.

TOO FRANK.

There was a young lady named Kent,
Who always said just what she meant.
People said, "She's sincere;
She speaks without fear"—
But they shunned her by common consent.

## SPEAKS FROM EXPERIENCE.

"PAPA, when is church over?"

"Oh, when you get to be about eighteen."

BROTHERLY.

*Sister Clara*—"There! And I done it *all* myself!"
*Fraternal chorus*—"You don't need to tell us!"

## HOW HE SQUARED HIMSELF.

"ROTTEN!" involuntarily exclaimed Higgins at the play. "I beg your pardon," he said to the startled man in the next seat, thinking possibly he was a friend of the actor. "I'm always saying something to hurt some one's feelings; but I assure you I was not referring to the star—merely his lines."

"Oh, don't worry about me," he replied. "I'm only the man who wrote the play."

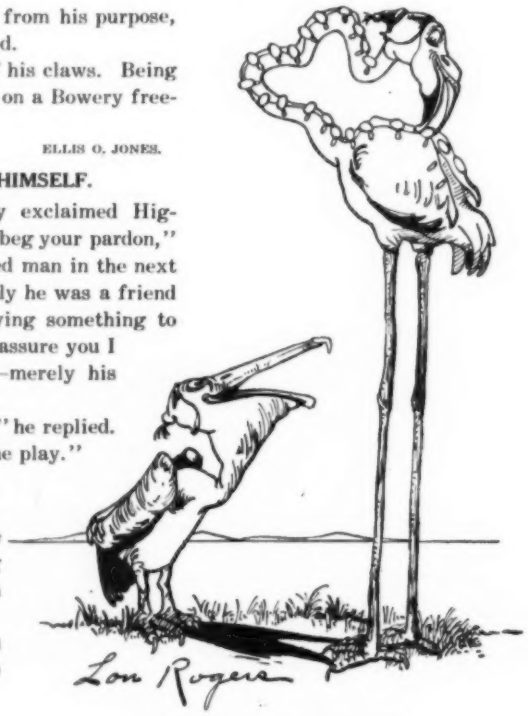
## THE MODERN EDUCATION.

"I SHOULD never have thought that studying would have cost so much money."

"Yes, father; and if you only knew how little I have studied."

A FELLOW from Detroit wants to know the scientific name for snoring.

"Sheet music," John.




WE POOR HUMANS!

"Ah, my dear Mrs. Flamingo, you are so fortunate!"
"Why, how's that, Mrs. Pelican?"
"You never have to ask Mr. Flamingo to button up your dress in the back."

## TWO OF A KIND.

MET a fluffy Easter rabbit
With a gruffy Teddy bear.
Quoth the rabbit,
"I'll not blab it
If you'll tell me how and where
You attained a reputation
As a playmate sweetly mild.
Why, with osculant elation,
Are you hugged in adoration
By a nature-loving child?
Queered by bobtailed shambling bruins,
Other idols mould in ruins.
You're a crazy, faked-up habit!"
Quoth the rabbit.

Now, the rabbit and the Teddy
Truly chummy were, and so
Grinned the Teddy,
"On the steady,
I'll not give away the show
If you'll whisper, confidential,
How *you*, with two pairs of legs,
And a tail inconsequential,
Bluff the kids that your essential
Being comes from Easter eggs.
For it hits me on the funny
That a fowl should hatch a bunny—
You're a dandy bird already!"
Laughed the Teddie.

F. MOXON.

### DE MORTUIS.

"CAN they fix the blame for that trolley accident?"

"No; neither motorman was killed."

### EASY.

*Wyld*—"You didn't find it difficult, then?"

*Higbee*—"Why, it was as easy as falling off the water-wagon."

### WARNING.

HE'S always writing letters to the press,
By lamentation and ill-nature led.
Full of complaint is he, and peevishness—
Look not upon the whine when it is read!

### LORD KNOWSOO.

A HOBO called "Poor Excuse," because he wouldn't work, met his friend, "Flannel Shirt," who shrank from washing, hovering over a fire; and, in order to avoid hustling up some wood to replenish the same, he made himself entertaining. During the relation of the following anecdote, he shared the fire without sharing the trouble of maintaining it.

"I got all I could eat in that burg, and I got it easy. 'Lady,' I says, 'I cannot work, and I can only eat the most delicate viands, which, seein' who my father was, is simple enough.' 'And who was your father?' says the lady, handin' out a pie. 'My father was,' says I, impressive like, 'the Lord Knowsoo.'"

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### ADMONISHED.

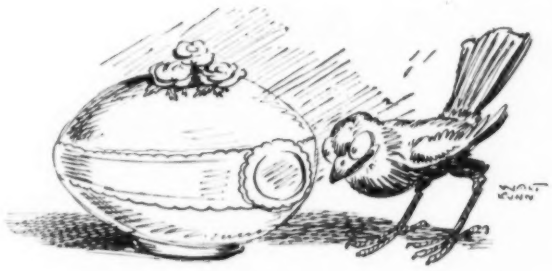
ON Saturday night Pat Dougherty announced that he should call upon a sick friend. Accordingly, he gave his money to his wife and departed. Nine o'clock came—twelve, three; still he did not return. At five in the morning the bell sounded.

"Be th' shades av St. Pathrick, Moike, yure a soight!" gasped Mrs. Dougherty as she viewed the battered figure of her belated spouse, who, with head tightly bandaged, one arm in a sling, and his right eye done in court plaster, limped painfully into the room. "Phwat happened to yez?"

"Me an' Chris Schultz hod a little argymint down at Flannigan's."

"Argymint, is it? An' th' loikes av yez be afther gittin' licked be wan av thim weasel-faced, shpindle-shanked Dutchmin?"

"Whisht, Maggie!" returned Mike softly. "Niver shpake disreshpictful av th' dead."



"AT LAST I KNOW WHAT AN EGG CONTAINS!"

### SPIRITUAL INFORMATION.

"AHA!" said the Pullman porter, as he drew the flask from under the passenger's pillow; "I have learned the secret of his berth."

### NOT THEY.

*Knicker*—"It doesn't always pay to be polite."

*Bocker*—"No; end-seat hogs are never sugar-cured."

### PICKED UP IN THE STREET.

*Seaver*—"I see the market is pickin' up."

*Weaver*—"You bet. Picked up all I had last week."

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AS GOOD AS THE BEST OF THEM.
"Oh, I don't know. She ain't got anything on me!"

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BUSTER BE

BUST THE TRUSTS
FACTORY
P & P
PROTECTION & PROSPERITY
BANK
LABOR
THE FULL DINNER PAIL
DEFEAT 1900
MONEY

ER BRYAN.

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BUSTER BR

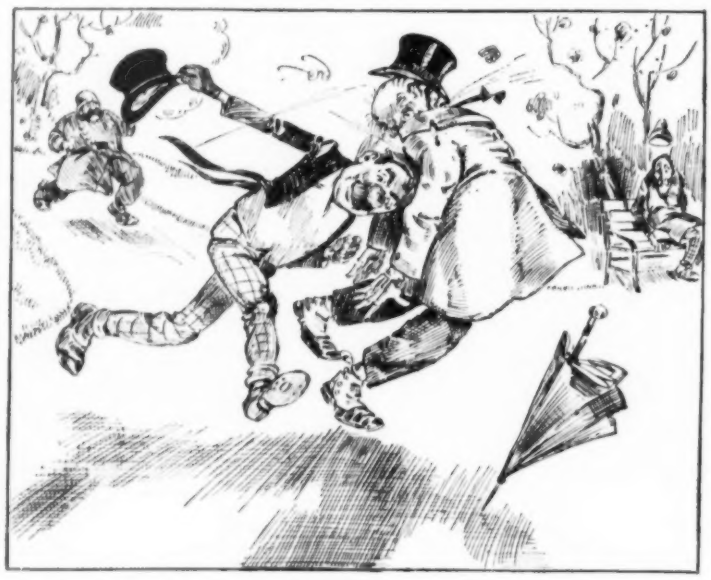
BUST THE TRUSTS
FACTORY
PROTECTION & PROSPERITY
BANK
LABOR
THE FULL DINNER PAIL
DEFEAT 1900

BRYAN.

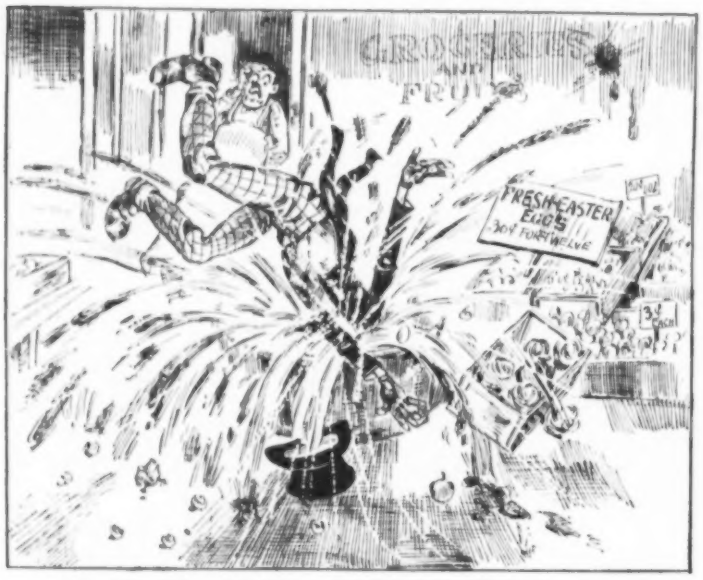
1. *Nervy Nat*—"This is exasperating. I thought I was purloining a bottle of the real stuff, and I find instead it is a spring tonic, guaranteed to put new life into one, so the label says. Gosh! it tastes like furniture polish; but here's Gesundheit, anyway."

2. *Nervy Nat*—"Whee! I begin to feel like a college freshie after his second glass of beer already. 'There is more in thy philosophy than is dreamed of, Horatio,' or words to that effect. Whoop!"

3. *Nervy Nat*—"Ho, ho, Cleopatra! The soul kiss for yours! Time me, somebody! Hurrah for spring!"



4. *Nervy Nat*—"That's o. k., old socks! I'm not an automobile on a drunk—I'm a spring lamb with mint sauce. Whoorah! Yow! Walla! walla!"




5. *Nervy Nat*—"No stops this side of Forty-second Street"——

6. *Cop*—"Come on, now! Don't be sittin' there all day. 'Tis eggs enough yez hov hotched."

*Grocer*—"One hundred and fifty dollars' damages."

*Nervy Nat*—"Aw, quit talking Sanskrit. For one hundred and fifty I'll sit here all day as an advertisement. Mr. Cop, if you'll call up a white wing to dust me off, we will hie to yon souse shop and have a jolt."

NO. 44—NERVY NAT TAKES AN OVERDOSE OF SPRING TONIC.

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# FACTS

Miller High Life, Milwaukee's leading beer, is as much food as bread. The 3 1-2 per cent. of alcohol it contains is itself an aid to digestion, while the Bohemian hops used are an appetizer, and the bountiful amount of extract—obtained from the finest barley malt—is the food.

Miller HIGH LIFE

MILWAUKEE'S LEADING BOTTLE BEER

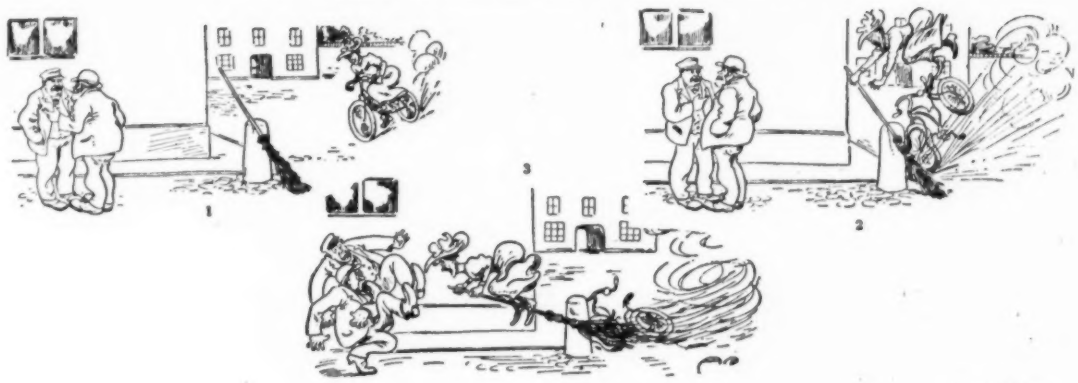
after being thoroughly filtered, is forwarded through a special pipe line into glass storage vaults in the bottling establishment, from whence it is filled into bottles by an automatic device, thus avoiding the loss of carbonated gas, and never being touched by human hands.

It appeals exactly to the cultured taste of the beer connoisseur.

ASK FOR IT.

MILWAUKEE


HOW THEY HAPPENED TO SEE A REAL WITCH.




—*Klods Hans.*

You can generally tell what the weather is going to be by what you are going to do that can be hurt by it.—*Ex.*

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**PROOF.**

*Hyker*—"Browning's wife must be an intellectual woman."

*Pyker*—"Why do you think so?"

*Hyker*—"I notice he seldom has any buttons on his clothes."—*Home Herald.*

**ONLY THE RUNNER-UP.**

The best man thought he'd take a look around and see that everything was running as a fastidious bride would wish it, and up in the room where the presents were displayed, alone and unhappy-looking, he came upon a youth, seemingly ready, like the wedding guest of the English poet, to "beat his breast." He was wandering about, looking at silver and cut glass without seeing them, and the best man hardly knew how to approach him.

"Er—have you kissed the bride?" he asked at last.

And the answer told far more than its two meagre words might have been expected to. It was, "Not lately!"—*Lippincott's.*

**COULD SEE THROUGH HIM.**

A fine, robust soldier, after serving his country faithfully for some time, became greatly reduced in weight, owing to exposure and scanty rations, until he was so weak he could hardly stand. Consequently he got leave of absence to go home and recuperate. He arrived at his home station looking very badly. Just as he stepped off the boat, one of his old friends rushed up to him and said, "Well, well, Pat, I am glad to see you're back from the front."

Pat looked worried and replied, "Begorra, I knew I was getting thin, but I nivver thought you could see that much."—*Mystic Worker.*

**KNEW THE SIZE.**

"I want some collars for my husband," said a lady in a department store, "but I am afraid I have forgotten the size."

"Thirteen and a half, ma'am?" suggested the clerk.

"That's it. How on earth did you know?"

"Gentlemen who let their wives buy their collars for 'em are almost always about that size, ma'am," explained the observant clerk.—*Everybody's.*


Evans' Ale

OVERCOMES the monotony of food and promotes that harmony of mind and matter so conducive to longevity.

IN "SPLITS," TOO.

C. H. EVANS & SONS, HUDSON, N. Y.

Collars and Cuffs

"BARKER BRAND"

MADE OF LINEN

14 SIZES 15¢ TWO FOR 25¢ 14 SIZES

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## BALTIMORE
# RYE

THE STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS. A BLEND OF MARYLAND'S FINEST STRAIGHT RYE WHISKIES. THE AMERICAN GENTLEMAN'S WHISKEY.

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.


Expectations are good enough assets if you never try to take them out of the reserve.—*Ex.*


**ROMEIKE'S** **Press Cutting Bureau** will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you may want to be "up to date." Every newspaper and periodical of importance in the United States and Europe is searched. Terms, $5.00 for 100 notices. HENRY ROMEIKE, 110-112 West 26th Street, New York.

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We have made the cure of Blood Poison a specialty. Blood Poison Permanently Cured. You can be treated at home under the same guaranty. Capital, $500,000. We solicit the most obstinate cases. If you have exhausted the old methods of treatment and still have aches and pains, Mucus Patches in Mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper-Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, write for proofs of cures. 100-page Book Free.
**COOK REMEDY CO.,**
**1480-55 State St., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.**


### THE FATAL GIFT OF BEAUTY.

*The novel-reader cried:*
"I'm sick of the beauties of Enid the Fair,
And proud Lady Gwendolen gives me a pain.
Paint me a freckle-faced girl with red hair;
Write me a novel of plain Mary Jane."

*So the novelist wrote.*
*But the novel read:*

Like roses bepowdered with gold was her face,
A halo of flame-colored tresses had she;
Though a duchess, she waived all her rights to "Your grace,"
And said, "To my lover, I'm plain Jeanne Marie."

—*Exchange.*


### LOST $300

BUYING MEDICINE WHEN RIGHT FOOD WAS NEEDED.

Money spent for "tonics" and "bracers" to relieve indigestion, while the poor old stomach is loaded with pastry and pork, is worse than losing a pocket-book containing the money.

If the money only is lost it's bad enough, but with lost health from wrong eating, it is hard to make the money back.

A Michigan young lady lost money on drugs, but is thankful she found a way to get back her health by proper food. She writes:

"I had been a victim of nervous dyspepsia for six years and spent three hundred dollars for treatment in the attempt to get well. None of it did me any good.

"Finally I tried Grape-Nuts food, and the results were such that, if it cost a dollar a package, I would not be without it. My trouble had been caused by eating rich food such as pastry and pork.

"The most wonderful thing that ever happened to me, I am sure, was the change in my condition after I began to eat Grape-Nuts. I began to improve at once, and the first week gained four pounds.

"I feel that I cannot express myself in terms that are worthy of the benefit Grape-Nuts has brought to me, and you are perfectly free to publish this letter if it will send some poor sufferer relief, such as has come to me."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in packages. "There's a Reason."


### PASSING STRANGE.

"Can I have a pass over your line?"

"No," replied the railroad man. "Law's too strict. We can't pass anything but a dividend now."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

### EXAMPLE AT HAND.

*The actress*—"In this new play I'm supposed to die from a broken heart. Now, how am I to know how a person with a broken heart behaves?"

*The manager*—"I'll tell you what to do. You study the author of this play after he sees the first rehearsal."—*Illustrated Bits.*

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## "The World's Best Table Water"

**Funniest book of the year, "Richard's Poor Almanack," bound and illustrated, sent for 10c. Address White Rock, Flatiron Building, N. Y.**

*By F. Y. Cory.*

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25 cents.

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225 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK

THE UNREQUITED LOVE

They say the
Baby's clinging love
Is likened best
To heaven above.

Ot heaven's delights
I have a doubt;
I'd say, off-hand,
To cut it out.

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**For** **$1.00**

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WE have just published a new book, with above title, containing 150 up-to-date plans of houses, costing from $500 to $18,000, which anyone thinking of building a house should have if they wish to save money and also get the latest and best ideas of a practical architect and eminent designer and writer on common-sense, practical and convenient dwelling houses for industrial Americans, homes for co-operative builders, investors and everybody desiring to build, own or live in Model Homes of low and medium cost. These plans are not old plans, but every one is up-to-date, and if you are thinking of building a house you will save many times the cost of this book by getting it and studying up the designs. We are certain you will find something in it which will suit you. It also gives prices of working plans at about one-half the regular prices, and many hints and helps to all who desire to build. 160 large octavo pages. Price, paper cover, $1.00; bound in cloth, $1.50. Sent by mail, postpaid, to any address on receipt of price.

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# DEAFNESS CURED

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**"I have demonstrated that deafness can be cured."**

***--Dr. Guy Clifford Powell.***

The secret of how to use the mysterious and invisible nature forces for the cure of Deafness and Head Noises has at last been discovered by the famous Physician-Scientist, Dr. Guy Clifford Powell. Deafness and Head Noises disappear as if by magic under the use of this new and wonderful discovery. He will send all who suffer from Deafness and Head Noises full information how they can be cured, absolutely free, no matter how long they have been deaf, or what caused their deafness. This marvelous Treatment is so simple, natural and certain that you will wonder why it was not discovered before. Investigators are astonished and cured patients themselves marvel at the quick results. Any deaf person can have full information how to be cured quickly and cured to stay cured at home without investing a cent. Write to-day to Dr. Guy Clifford Powell, 899 Bank Bldg., Peoria, Ill., and get full information of this new and wonderful discovery, absolutely free.



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THE MOST CENTRAL LOCATION IN NEW YORK. THE HIGHEST CLASS OF ACCOMMODATIONS AT MODERATE RATES.

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Parlor, Bedroom and Bath . . . . . $5 a day and up

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Same Management as St. Denis Hotel.

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### HER ESSAY.

A young Filipino student who possesses considerable literary ability, but who oft allows her pen to run riot, recently wrote an essay which contained the following paragraph:

"The light of heaven is almost gone; now grows the twilight gray. The border-land is nearly passed. The elms in the avenue grow indistinct; the cows, far down the meadow, low for the milkmaid. Noxcalm, daughter of Chaos, is descending; already is her coming felt. Silence hath set her finger with deep touch upon creation's brow."

"Upon my soul," remarked Superintendent O'Reilly, "couldn't she have said, in plain English, that night was at hand?"—*Philippines Gossip.*

With men of affairs a teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters and grape fruit is the popular breakfast diet.

### MAGAZINE ASTRONOMY.

"What sort of telescope do you use for seeing things on Mars?"

The eminent astronomer, habituated to scanning the heavens at magazine space rates, stayed his pen but an instant. "I have learned," he replied, "not to rely on any telescope. The best of them sadly hampers the play of the imagination."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

### NO NEED FOR WORRY.

*Tourist*—"Is there no sign of the Baguio train?"

*Filipino station agent*—"Don't worry. Your ticket is good for forty-five days."—*Exchange.*

**Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the** best remedy for their children. 25c. a bottle.

### RID OF IT AT LAST.

"John," she whispered, "there's a burglar in the parlor. He has just knocked against the piano and hit several keys at once."

"I'll go down," said he.

"Oh, John, don't do anything rash!"

"Rash! Why, I'm going to help him. You don't suppose he can remove the piano from the house without assistance."—*The Throne.*

### ROUGH HOUSE.

"In order to clearly understand proceedings in Congress, would you advise me to study some such writer as Cushing or Roberts?"

"No," answered the new member. "Study the Marquis of Queensbury."—*Washington Star.*

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# An All-Around Stove

Your kitchen may be well planned—everything apparently handy—yet if there is no New Perfection Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove in it, the one greatest convenience of all is lacking.

The "New Perfection" is a home and family stove—big enough and powerful enough to do all you'd ever ask a cooking-stove to do. The

## NEW PERFECTION Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove

is regulated so exactly that everything you cook on it is well cooked. From week-end to week-and, in cooking, baking, ironing—every time a kitchen stove is needed—the "New Perfection" meets your requirement and never heats the kitchen so that you are uncomfortable. The "New Perfection" is made in three sizes. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.

The *Rayo* LAMP is the most perfect all-round home light. Has large font, best and latest center draft burner and beautiful porcelain shade. Nothing complicated about the Rayo—easily cleaned, easily managed. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.

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The circulation of **JUDGE'S QUARTERLY** averages more than **26,000** each issue.

The magazines sell for ten cents a copy, the quarterly for twenty-five cents a copy. There are no copies given away and none returned. The subscription list is large enough to satisfy the requirements of the United States Government, but probably ninety-eight per cent. of all this vast output is sold for cash through the news companies.

Here is a circulation each year of over **1,000,000** copies of illustrated periodicals with covers printed in colors. And this is **an ever-changing circulation,** so that there is hardly any duplication, month by month, such as there would be by an all subscription list.

Specimen copies and advertising rates on request.

Special rates furnished where an advertiser uses the entire twenty-eight magazines during one year.

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Allen's Foot-Ease, **a powder for the feet.** It relieves painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. **It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age.** Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. **TRY IT TO-DAY.** Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. **Do not accept any substitute.** Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps.

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**MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS,** the best medicine for Feverish, sickly Children. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Trial Package **FREE.** Address,

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"In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease."



# PHILIP MORRIS

ORIGINAL LONDON

## CIGARETTES

have made their reputation; but they do not depend upon it. They stand upon their present merits.

### PLENTY OF SHINE.

"Praise to glory, the south is going dry!" shouted the temperance advocate, waving his arms. "It will bring sunshine into southern homes."

"Yes; and moonshine, brother," spoke up the little man who had been sitting in the end row.—*Spokane Chronicle.*


# HEALTH WITHOUT DRUGS

In thirty days I gained normal weight and health, after vainly searching in America, Europe, Egypt, India, Ceylon, Japan. My new **Free Booklet** explains, summarizes knowledge gleaned during search and gives reasons for man's disease-bondage as compared to lower animals' abundant health. Touches upon all common ailments. *Write now to*

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NEW YORK CITY

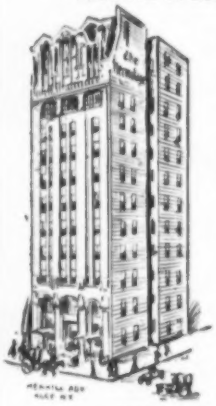
# THE HERMITAGE

**A CLUB HOTEL FOR MEN**

*The name tells the story*

**Seventh Avenue and Forty-second Street**

**Junction of Broadway**



Restaurant on the street floor, —a restaurant where ladies are welcome.

Every other part of the house exclusively for ***men.***

Telephones in every room.

Respectful, quiet, obedient and alert Japanese servants.

Bedroom and bath **$2.00** a day upward.

*Send for Booklet.*

**T. F. PADDELL, Proprietor**


### TRUTHFUL BOY.

"Thomas," said Major Hartigan, as he gazed into his son's eyes with a soul-searching look, "have you eaten any of those canned peaches I put in the cupboard?"

"Father," said Tommy, "I cannot tell a lie. I have not touched one."

The major eyed him wrathfully, as he plunged his hand into the pocket of his coat, and drew forth five incriminating stones, which had each once been enshrined in the luscious flesh of a peach, but which were now staring in all their horrid nakedness.

"Then how is it," said the parent, "that I find these peach stones in your bedroom, and there is only one peach left in the cupboard?"

"Father," said Thomas, as he silently but swiftly left the room, and placed a chair in such a position that his father would fall over it if he followed too quickly—"father, that is the one I never touched!"—*Philippines Gossip.*

**A fruit cocktail is a combination of grape fruit, Abbott's Bitters and pulverized sugar to suit taste.**

### CUTTING FRIENDS.

A witty priest was once visiting a "self-made" millionaire, who took him to see his seldom-used library.

"There," said the millionaire, pointing to a table covered with books, "there are my best friends."

"Ah," replied the wit, as he glanced at the leaves; "I'm glad you don't cut them!"—*Sacred Heart Review.*

### OLD-FASHIONED.

"How did you and your husband discover that you were affinities?" asked the pretty young widow.

"Heavens! We never did. We got married in a decent way, neither of us having any reason not to."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

### PERMANENT.

*Agent*—"How long do you intend to remain in Washington?"

*Reformer*—"Until Congress passes a couple of necessary laws that"——

*Agent*—"Gee! You don't want to rent a house. You'd better buy one."—*Washington Herald.*

### NEAR HER FINISH.

*Jones*—"Is your daughter a finished musician?"

*Smith*—"No; but the neighbors are making threats."—*The Club-Fellow.*

### THE ELM INCIDENT.

Washington was taking formal command of the Continental army at Cambridge. He crooked his arm, placed his elbow against the historic elm and rested his head on his hand. Then he addressed the ill-assorted gathering of patriots. In the midst of his remarks his elbow suddenly glided from the tree, and Washington completely lost his equilibrium.

"Why didn't you inform me," said the great general, with dignity, "that this tree was a slippery elm?"—*Philippines Gossip.*

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A BOTTLED DELIGHT

# Club Cocktails

PEOPLE who know what a good cocktail really is have given up the idea of mixing their own drinks, and keep a bottle of CLUB COCKTAILS always on hand. CLUB COCKTAILS relieve you of all the fuss and trouble of preparation. They are always ready for use; and a *measure-mixed* CLUB COCKTAIL makes a vastly better drink than any made-by-guesswork drink could ever be. Try a bottle.

*Seven kinds. At all good dealers. Manhattan, (whiskey base) and Martini (gin base) are universal favorites.*

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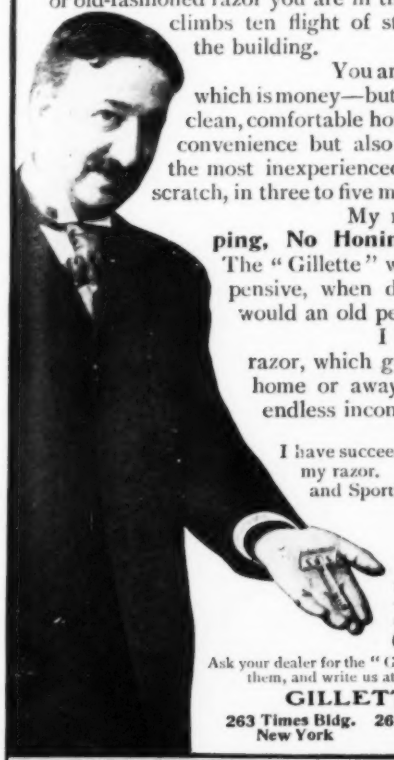
## *I Want You to Try My Razor*



If you are still depending upon the barber or old-fashioned razor you are in the same category with the man who climbs ten flight of stairs when there is an elevator in the building.

You are not only like him — losing time — which is money—but you are also losing the benefits of a clean, comfortable home shave—which is not only a great convenience but also economical. With the "Gillette" the most inexperienced man can remove, without cut or scratch, in three to five minutes, any beard that ever grew.

My razor is always ready, **No Stropping, No Honing.** No other razor so durable. The "Gillette" will last a lifetime. Blades so inexpensive, when dull you throw them away as you would an old pen.

I have spent years in perfecting this razor, which gives you the best possible shave at home or away — saving you time, money and endless inconvenience.

Over two million men know how well I have succeeded. I want *you* to enjoy the benefits of my razor. All Jewelry, Drug, Cutlery, Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers sell it. Get it to-day.

*King C. Gillette*

**The Gillette Safety Razor Set consists of a triple silver-plated holder, 12 double-edged flexible blades — 24 keen edges, packed in a velvet lined leather case, and the price is $5.00.**

**Combination Sets from $6.50 to $50 00.**

Ask your dealer for the "Gillette" to-day. If substitutes are offered, refuse them, and write us at once for our booklet and free trial offer.

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**Gillette Safety Razor**

NO STROPPING NO HONING



# Pears'

Pears' Soap leaves the skin smooth, cool and healthy. There's no free alkali in Pears'. Only good soap and pure.

Sold here and abroad.


### VERY CLOSE.

*Church*—"Did you ever try any of these 'close to nature' methods?"

*Gotham*—"Well, I've used a porous plaster!"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

### LIGHT WEIGHT.

"What do you think young Chumpley weighs?"

"About two hundred pounds on the scales and about ten ounces in the community."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "I ketches myse'f lambastin' a mule foh doin' purty much de same as I would do if I was in de mule's place!"—*Ex.*

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### THE BEST CASH REGISTER.

"But, sir," insisted Mr. Dan Beck. "I want to sell you the most wonderful cash register that was ever put on the market. It will keep account of what you take in, what you pay out, what you spend, how you spend it, and"——

"My dear man," interrupted the customer, with a wan smile, "I already have a cash register that does all that."

"Indeed! And may I ask the name?"

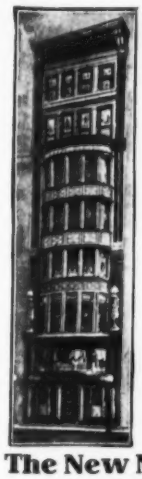
"Yes; my wife."—*Philippines Gossip.*

### GOOD REASON.

"Don't you ever get homesick, captain?" asked the passenger on the ocean liner.

"No; I'm never home long enough," replied the captain.—*Exchange.*


# A TIP TO Travelers



**Why pay** $2.00 for a stuffy room in a second-class hotel, or $4.00 for a cheerless apartment in a first-class hotel

## In Chicago

**when you** can secure comfortable lodging, supplemented by a Turkish Bath, a scientific rub, a shower and a plunge in the finest swimming pool in America for

## One Dollar

**Moral:** When in Chicago stop at

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IN THE VERY HEART OF THE CITY.



The name "CLUETT" stands for so very much that you want in a shirt that your mind is left free to choose just the shirt you want without attention to details.

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SHIRTS

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"TO-DAY'S SHIRT," a booklet, is yours for the asking.

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**You Can Easily Own a Diamond or Watch.** Pay one-fifth on delivery, balance in 8 monthly payments. Catalog free. Write today. **LOFTIS BROS. & CO., Dept. D 40. 92 State St., Chicago, Ill.**


### A GOOD WEIGHT.

"How did Harry enjoy his trip abroad?"

"Very much. He looks happy, and has gained one hundred and fifteen pounds."

"One hundred and fifteen pounds?"

"Yes; and she's an heiress."—*Brooklyn Life.*

### BEFORE GOING.

"I pay as I go," declared the pompous citizen.

"Not while I'm running these apartments," declared the janitor. "You'll pay as you move in."—*Washington Journal.*


**HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS**

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ALL KINDS OF PAPER MADE TO ORDER.



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Write for pamphlets about the Mineral Waters of BAD WILDUNGEN (Germany) to C. VON DER BRUCK, 61 Park Place, N. Y. Sole Agent for the United States.


# JUDGE'S WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT

For the benefit of our women readers in the myriad homes where JUDGE is a favorite, we have entered into an arrangement with the famous editor of "The Perfect Ladies' Companion," Mr. Hik Hok. Any perfect lady among our readers who has troubles of household or heart may go in perfect confidence to Mr. Hok, who will at intervals convey through these pages advice or comfort, as the case may demand.

Dear Mr. Hok: Please tell me some way of removing paint stains on the clothing. Yours truly, Mrs. H.,
New Orleans.

To remove paint stains on the clothing, Madam, you have only to sit down on a freshly painted bench, remain there but a moment, and then walk away.

Dear Mr. Hok: I am about to marry for the fourth time, having divorced one husband and buried two. It would be good taste, would it not, to have the wedding arrangements unusually simple?
Cora H. B.,
Grand Rapids.

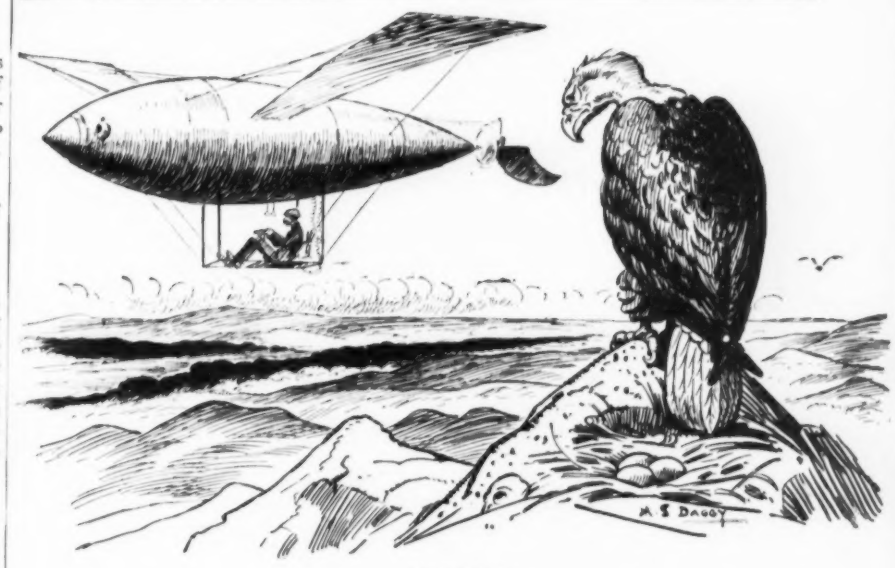
You are right, Mrs. Cora. Use lemon instead of orange blossoms, and advise the groom to have a horseshoe in one pocket and a rabbit's foot in the other and to keep his fingers crossed.

Dear Mr. Hok: How can I cure my pet dog of fleas?
Eloise ——,
Port Huron.

The only sure way is to boil your dog. Another way is to paint him all over with formaldehyde. Call in a neighbor's dog and tie the two side by side. The fleas greatly dislike the formaldehyde odor, and will all vacate their homes on your dog and domicile themselves on the other. Send your neighbor's dog home at once.

Dear Mr. Hok: My little boy is knock-kneed. Do you know of any cure?
Mrs. Q.,
Saco, Me.

Make him straddle a barrel for an hour on arising every morning.



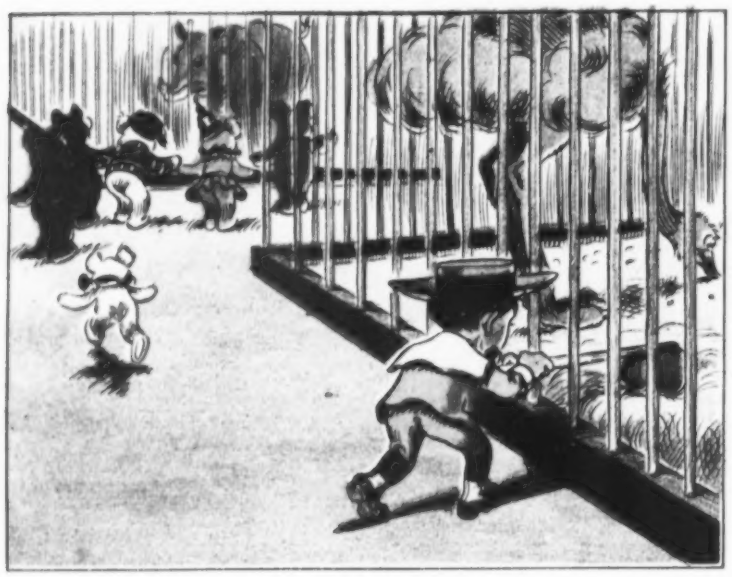

OUTDONE.

*The eagle*—"When I carried off a full-grown sheep last week I felt sure I was the champion in my line; but hanged if there isn't some sort of a strange bird trying it on a man!"

Judge

# LITTLE JOHNNY AND THE TEDDY BEARS.

THEY HAVE A CONTEST EASTER DAY; JOHN WINS IN A SURPRISING WAY.



1. John's father takes them to the zoo,
And tells them tales of travel, too—
How boys on White House grounds may play
And roll their eggs on Easter day.

2. John wonders if they need to roam,
And why not roll their eggs at home?
And then he steals with foresight wise
An ostrich egg to win the prize.

3. On Easter all the Teds with joy
Receive their eggs; but Johnny boy
Brings in his coat, kept safe from harm
The ostrich egg all nice and warm.

4. With eggs held fast and joyful grin,
They wait the signal to begin.
John thinks his ostrich egg will be
The fav'rite—winning easily.

5. Instead—oh, fearful thing to tell!—
An ostrich chick burst from the shell.
(The coat, hung on a radiator,
Had made a splendid incubator!)

6. The chick leaps forward with a will
And carries Johnny down the hill.
The Teddy eggs roll down in chase,
But Johnny's ostrich wins the race.

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